Vol. V. Numb. 23.

THE OBSERVATOR.

An Account of the Raising the Seige of Barcelona, *and the Retreat of the* French *Fleet. The Mareschal of* Thesse's *Letter to the Earl of* Peterborough *with Remarks and Observations on both.*

From **Saturday** June the 1st, to **Wednesday** June the 5th, 1706.

Obs. HOneſt *Roger*, thou look'ſt as live as a Bird. Some New Joy has poſſeſs'd thy Spirits. Some Good News I'll warrant it.

Country-m. Maſter, I have got a whole Cart Load of Good News. Aye, Maſter, and ſuch News as you wanted, as you expected and wiſhed for: 'Tis come at laſt.

Obs. Out with it.

Country-m. You'll never make a *Midwife*, Maſter, you are ſo haſty. I muſt have this Good News uſher'd into my *Hall* in Mode and Form, as 'twas at *London*, where I never ſaw the like before; ſuch Luminations, ſuch Ringing of Bells, ſuch Shooting of Guns, ſuch Huzzaing of Men, Women and Children, that I ſtar'd about me like a ſtuck Pig. The Joyful People, God Bleſs 'em! Had ſo Luminated their Houſes, that the Streets were as light as at Noon-Day; and the Folk got into the Streets inſtead of their Houſes; there were Tables, and Stools, and Chairs ſet all along the Streets; *Beer*, *Wine*, *Brandy*, *Syder*, and all the Glorious Liquors that moiſten the Clay of *Humane Bodies*, were brought out and apply'd to their proper Uſes.

As I was going along as red as a *Turkey-Cock* in my Countenance) for to tell you the Truth I had been at the *Tavern*, and had taken a Sup of *Sack-Wine* along with my Neighbour *Thomas*) a good Jolly Fellow that was ſitting at a Table with other Company in the Street, call'd to me, ſaid he, *Honeſt* Country-man, *wilt thou ſit down and take a Cup with us?* Said I, I don't care if I do. So I ſat down, and found 'em to be Fellows for my purpoſe, that is, Honeſt *Engliſhmen*, that lov'd the *Queen* and *Government*. They bid the *Country man* Toaſt a Health. Said I, You *Londoners* are *Factious* about your News, you have little *Scribblers* that ſet themſelves up to be *Praiſe-Trumpeters*, and cry up one *General* above t'other; now I love 'em both very well for the Good Service they have done our *Queen* and *Country*; I am ſure, Gentlemen, they don't deſire theſe diſtinguiſhing *Honours*, they agree well enough in carrying on the *Common Cauſe*, they Kick the *French Tyrant* from one to 'tother like a *Foot-Ball*, and ſo I'll put 'em both in one Glaſs, Here's a Good Health to the D. of *Marlborough*, and the E. of *Peterborough*. *Well ſaid*, *Honeſt* Country man, ſaid the Company. So we Tiff'd it as long as Drinking was good; and then I went to my *Inn*.

Obs. Well, *Country-man*, let's hear the News; the occaſion of this Rejoycing?

Country m. I told you I would Relate it in *Manner* and *Form* as they do at *London*. Here, *Joan*, a Black-Jack of *October*, two or three *Pint Glaſſes*, ſome *Pipes* and *Tobacco*: Maſter, begin the Duke of *Marlborough* and the Earl of *Peterborough*, in one *Glaſs*: I'll have it ſo; they are *both* Good Men and True; *both* Brave Generals, and I Love 'em *both* with all my Spirit.

Captain *Dalaval* is come to Town, and has brought an Account of the raiſing the Seige of *Barcelona*. Maſter *Theſſe*, the *French* General before the Town, upon the Approach of the Confederate Fleet, went off like a *Thief* in the Night; Stole away with his Tatterdemallions like a *Dog* with his Tail between his Legs. As ſoon as this was perceiv'd in the Morning, the Honeſt *Miquelets* fell foul of his Rear, are purſuing of him, and ſtick to his Skirts like Flies to a *Cow* ——.

King *Anjou* is gone along with Him for the Security of his Royal Perſon. He came, you know, to *Spain* in a Glorious manner; but he's Sneak'd Home by the way of *Weeping-Croſs*. His Dad, the *Dolphin*, Wept when he heard the News of the Defeat in *Flanders*. I fancy he'll Weep at both ends when he ſees his Young *Perkin* return without a Crown upon his Head; and he may thank God too, if he comes Home with a Head upon his Shoulders; for if the *Miquilets* happen to Take him, he'll certainly be Hovel-Poſted.

But, Maſter, the *French* have left a Power of good Things in the Camp they Deſerted, which is all fallen into our Hands. There's two hundred Pieces of Cannon, all Braſs, thirty five Mortars and Peſtles, not ſuch as are us'd by Saucy *Jack*, the Druggeſt in *Southwark*, when he Pounds *Juſtice* for *Contentious Sinners*, but Mortars that carry a whole Cart-Load of *Wild-Fire*, to Burn down Towns and Houſes. They have left us fifteen thouſand Sacks of Corn, and three thouſand Barrels of Gun-Powder: Is not this a good Preſent from People that threatn'd us with Fire and Sword.

The King of *Spain* was in the Town during the whole Seige, and Behaved himſelf with wonderful Courage and Conduct; he Animated his Subjects to the higheſt degree; encourag'd them to Danger by expoſing his Royal Perſon in their Preſence; was in every thing relating to the Defence of the Town, as if he had been their Fellow-Soldier: But the Courage and Conduct of the Earl of *Peterborow*, during this Seige, is beyond all Expreſſion.

He was not in the Town during the Seige, but with his ſmall Party of Men and his *Miquelets*, he did Wonders, in Harraſing the *Beſeigers*, and Retarding their Approaches againſt the Town, and put a Reinforcement into it of 800 Men, in Sight of the *French* Army and Fleet, notwithſtanding the Oppoſition of the *Boats*. I defie all your Antient Hiſtories to give an Account of an Action like this, that ſo *Large* a Kingdom ſhould be Reduced with ſo *ſmall* a Number of Men.

Obſ.

Obſ. Indeed, Honeſt *Country-man*, our Noble Lord, the Earl of *Peterborough*, has gain'd Immortal *Honour* to *Himſelf* and *Country*, and will remain to *Poſterity*, on our Annals, as a *Glorious Chieftain*; having done his *Country* the moſt ſingular Service.

For we muſt conſider our Succeſſes *Abroad*, with reſpect to the Influence they have on our Affairs at *Home*. This is a thing, tho' of the greateſt Importance, yet over-look'd by moſt Men. How ready will our *Parliament* be, the next *Seſſions*, in Giving of *Money*; and with what cheerfulneſs will the People Pay *it*, when our *Armies*, before the firſt of *June*, have done what former Ages would have thought the Buſineſs of many Years?

This tends much to the cooling of thoſe *Heats* and *Animoſities* within our ſelves; thoſe *Inteſtine Fires* that Warp our *Conſtitution*, and have given the Enemy too Viſible an Advantage over us. Our *In-bred* Enemies, I mean the *High-Fliers* and *Memorialiſts*, have ever had their Dependance on the *Power* of the *French* King. He has been their *Patron*, the *Guardian* of their *Little Maſter* at St. *Germains*; and now to find this Mighty *Power*, on which they Depended, broken and ſhatter'd to Peices; *this* their mighty Rock of Defence Sapp'd and Undermin'd; the *other Hope* of all their *Deſigns* and *Machinations* Ruin'd and Deſtroy'd, this, I ſay, muſt needs make 'em come over to the *Government*, or at leaſt to live Peaceably under it, when they find it is not in their Power to hurt it.

This, on the other hand, muſt effectually eaſe the Minds of the Friends of the *Government*, the Moderate *Church-men* and *Diſſenters*, when they find their *Queen*, *Themſelves*, and the common Intereſt of *Europe* in ſo Flouriſhing a Condition, when what Threatn'd *Themſelves* and their *Country* is brought to the loweſt degree of *Deſperation*, and when the *Tyrant* of *France*, without whoſe help we could never have been Ruin'd, is Ruin'd himſelf.

I would have no good Men depend too much on an *Arm* of Fleſh; on the *Cunning* or *Skill* of thoſe that we employ in the *War*. This, indeed, is a mean Dependance; but our *Eye* ſhou'd be fixed on *Providence*, which we have ſeen attending every Step of our *Succeſſes*, making way for our Deliverance, and Diſpiriting the *Common Enemy* to a degree that we may yet hope for greater *Succeſſes*.

Country-m. Maſter, your Obſervations are very good on this Head. I forgot to tell you of a Letter the Mareſchal *de Theſſe* ſent the Earl of *Peterborough* by a *Trumpeter*, the next Day after he raiſed the Seige; and becauſe 'tis but a ſhort Letter I will Read it to you.

At the Camp before Barcelona, May 12*th*.

My Lord,

YOU return me, with Circumſtances more Glorious for you, and more Mortifying to me, what I lent laſt Year to my Lord Gallway *in the Seige of* Bajadox. *You are very Senſible of the Diſmal Neceſſity I am under of Raiſing this Seige, by the Arrival of your Fleet, and the Retreat of our own. My Circumſtances do not permit me to carry away a great many Wounded, but Humanity, and your Generoſity make me hope that you will give Orders to take care of them. I deſire you, my Lord, to be pleaſed to ſend a Guard, that they may not be expos'd to any Ill Uſage from the People and the* Miquelets. *I take Liberty to ſend you by this* Trumpeter *ſome Money, which I deſire you will Order to be given to thoſe that have the Direction of the* Hoſpital, *that they may take care of the Sick, and a further Sum will be remitted afterwards. The Fate of War makes Your Glory, and at this Day my Misfortune. I am beyond all Expreſſion, my Lord,*

Your moſt Humble

and moſt Obedient Servant,

The Mareſchal of *Theſſe*.

Now, Maſter, this was Honeſtly done of the *French General* to take Care of his Poor Sick and Wounded Priſoners; but I find they were afraid of the *Miquilets*, and who could think otherwiſe who conſider'd how Barbarouſly the Party of the Duke *D' Anjou* us'd them ſince the King of *Spain* got Poſſeſſion of *Catalonia*? *Mercy* meets with a Reward, but *Cruelty* ſeldom goes Unpuniſh'd; and I don't in the leaſt Queſtion but our good Lord, the Earl of *Peterborough*, will uſe theſe Priſoners with all *Humanity* and *Compaſſion*.

Obſ. This Letter, Honeſt *Country-man*, will admit of many things worthy our Obſervation; but its late, I am out of Order, and perhaps what we ſay may'nt be pleaſing to ſome People; and therefore we'll reſt our ſelves contented with one great Remark on this Head.

The Mareſchal of *Theſſe* acknowledges that he was forc'd to raiſe the Siege by the Arrival of our Fleet, and the Retreat of the *French* Fleet; this makes good what we have often aſſerted, That our Fleet is our chiefeſt Security; and without which we cannot defend our ſelves at Home, or make any Succeſsful Enterprizes on the Enemy; and may put us in Mind how much it is our Concern to take Care of this Principal Part of our Strength.

And this may call to Remembrance the Attempts of thoſe Sons of *Slavery* in the late Reign, who Voted our Fleet uſeleſs by Voting for a Standing Army, and would have made the *Liberties* of *Engliſhmen* precarious to a Land Force.

Country m. Very true, Maſter, now with one more Health to the Duke of *Marlborough*, and the Earl of *Peterborough*, we'll go to Bed.

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